

For Tony: 1941-1969

by Martha Moldt

My life

Has suddenly loomed up

Into a cliff.

And all the long years ahead

Pour over it

In a bottomless torrent.

I had thought

To travel them with you

And share

All the rapids and

The still pools of beauty

Contained therein.

But you shot past me

Downstream,

To uncharted seas.

Beloved and once-alive,

Where are you now?

And are you bereft

Of such beauties

As I am free to absorb

On this late-summer night?

Can God wrap you

In soft breeze;

Sing your soul to soaring

With the music of crickets?

Can summer stars

In velvet sky,

Or orange-paper

Crescent moon

Reach

Into your phantasmic

Existence?

Can I send you all  
These beloved commonplaces  
Through my thoughts?  
Or must you be content  
With grander glories?

## YOU ARE TOO

by Debbie Corwith

You told me  
Once  
That I was blind,  
And  
Knowing what you meant  
I opened my eyes  
To feast themselves  
Upon your being  
Catching as catch can  
A here and there  
Of you  
Without a why or where  
Of you.  
Now I'm just a knowledgeable  
Fool  
With enough light  
To blind even  
A wise  
wise  
man.